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# A SHOT at RANDOM



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P 49

# A SHOT AT RANDOM

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT TO BE SUCCESSFUL, A LEADER MUST HAVE HIS RATION OF LUCK. CAPTAIN JACK LUCAS HAD HIS RATION AND MORE. BUT A MAN'S RUN OF LUCK CAN TURN...



## Chapter 1. RESCUE PARTY

IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE LATER STAGES OF THE WAR IN ITALY THAT 'LUCKY' LUCAS BECAME AWARE OF AN UNEASINESS THAT HIS UNFAILING GOOD FORTUNE MIGHT DESERT HIM.



AS THE LAST MAN FILED BY, JACK LUCAS TURNED WITH A WRY SMILE TO HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND AND GREAT FRIEND, LIEUTENANT FRANZ HESSEL, A DUTCHMAN.

I WISH SOMETIMES THESE CHAPS WEREN'T SO DARNED SURE OF MY LUCK, FRANZ.



SOON, THE SMALL BUT BATTLE-TRIED FORCE WAS SWEEPED INTO THE ITALIAN SKIES TOWARDS THE MOUNTAIN REGION NORTH OF FLORENCE. TO THE THROB OF AERO ENGINES, JACK LUCAS WENT OVER DETAILS ONCE MORE WITH HIS LIEUTENANT.

THE YANKS ARE AMBUSHED SOMEWHERE ABOUT HERE. WE'LL HAVE TO DROP WIDE OF THE ROAD...



LEADING THE SMALL BESIEGED AMERICAN FORCE WAS GENERAL JOHN D. FLAGG. WITH TYPICAL VIGOUR, THIS HEADSTRONG MAN HAD OVERRUN THE ADVANCE AND BECOME TRAPPED...

WHEE! THE TARNATION! GET THOSE LIMES PARATROOPERS!

I THINK I CAN HEAR AIRCRAFT NOW, SIR.

THE BIG LIEUTENANT SEARCHED THE SKIES IMPORTANTLY. NOT FOR NOTHING, ABE LYMAN LIKED TO THINK, HAD HE BEEN MADE THE GENERAL'S PERSONAL BODYGUARD.

ANYWAY, YOU'LL BE OKAY, SIR, SO LONG AS I'M AROUND.

IT'S NOT MYSELF I'M WORRIED ABOUT, YOU DOPE. IT'S THESE BRAVE BOYS OF MINE.



## A Shot At Random

HARD PRESSED BY A STRONG GERMAN FORCE, GENERAL FLAGG HAD GIVEN STUBBORN RESISTANCE FOR MORE THAN TWO HOURS. NOW, ALMOST AT THE END OF THEIR AMMUNITION, THE BELEAGUERED G.I.'S LOOKED UPWARD WITH GRUNTS OF RELIEF.



THE FIRST TO LAND, CAPTAIN LUCKY LUCAS FOUND HIS LUCK STILL HOLDING. A GROUND BREEZE HAD CARRIED THEM JUST BEHIND THE GERMANS' POSITION. FRANTICALLY, THE ENEMY TRIED TO REVERSE THEIR GUNS.



## A Shot At Random

7

WITH SAVAGE YELLS, THE BRITISH  
LEAPT AFTER THEIR YOUNG CAPTAIN...

GIVE 'EM  
SOMETHING FOR  
WHAT THEY GAVE  
US IN PRISON,  
FRANZ!



WITH HARD EFFICIENCY, LUCAS'S MEN FLUSHED  
THE ENEMY INTO THE OPEN...



## A Shot At Random

IN THE CHAOS, FRIEND AND FOE  
BEFORE, WILDLY MIXED AND EVEN  
GENERAL FLAGG FOUND HIMSELF  
IN GREAT PERSONAL DANGER...



BUT LIEUTENANT ABE LYMAN WAS IN  
NO POSITION TO SAFEGUARD HIS  
GENERAL. HE WAS TOO ANXIOUSLY  
DEFENDING HIMSELF...



LUCKILY FOR THE FAST-WEAKENING GENERAL, PARATROOPER JACK LUCAS  
SPOTTED HIS DESPERATE FLIGHT. HE GRASPED THE GERMAN'S BAYONET IN  
THE NICK OF TIME.





WITH DAZED BUT THANKFUL EYES, GENERAL FLAGG SAW HIS WOULD-BE KILLER GO SPRAWLING IN THE DUST...

HOLD THAT, HERMAN!

UGH!



STILL GASPING FROM HIS ORDEAL, THE AMERICAN GENERAL MANAGED TO CROAK HIS FERVENT THANKS...

YOU SAVED MY LIFE, YOUNG FELLER—I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH. I'LL SEE YOU GET SUITABLY REWARDED.

DON'T MENTION IT, GENERAL.

HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON, SIR?



AT THE SOUND OF LIEUTENANT LYMAN'S VOICE, THE GENERAL SWUNG ROUND SCORNFULLY...

THERE I WAS HAVING MY LIFE CHOKED OUT OF ME! AND WHERE WAS MY BODYGUARD?

I- ER- I WAS BEATING OFF ANOTHER KRAUT, SIR. THEY WAS JUST ALL ROUND US.



WITH A LAST WORD OF THANKS, THE GENERAL TURNED AWAY. LIEUTENANT LYMAN SWUNG A JEALOUS EYE ON THE GRINNING BRITISHER...

TRYING TO SHOW ME UP, EH? THERE'S NOBODY LOOKS AFTER THE GENERAL BETTER THAN ABE LYMAN... SEE?



TAKE IT EASY, YANK!

LIEUTENANT ABE LYMAN WOULD LIKE TO HAVE FORGOTTEN THE WHOLE SORRY INCIDENT BUT AT A SPECIAL PARADE AT THE AMERICAN BASE, GENERAL FLAGG DULY HONOURED CAPTAIN LUCKY LUCAS WITH A MEDAL AND GLOWING WORDS...



FOR GREAT GALLANTRY, CAPTAIN LUCAS - AND WITH MY OWN PERSONAL GRATITUDE.

THE GLOWING LYMAN FELT THE WHOLE SCENE DID NOTHING BUT SHOW HIM UP STILL MORE...

A PRIZE PALOOKA THIS MAKES ME LOOK / ME, WHO USED TO BODY- / GUARD ALL THE BIG SHOTS / -AROUND MIAMI. /



AS THE PARADE BROKE UP, LYMAN HAD TO HAVE A LAST DIG. BUT THIS TIME JACK LUCAS WAS NOT SO EASY-GOING.

I HEAR THEY CALL YOU / LUCKY LUCAS. WELL, NUTHIN' / BUT ALL-FIRED SNEAKIN' LUCK GOT / YOU THAT MEDAL, CAPTAIN. /

STOP ACTING / LIKE A GREAT BIG / KID, LYMAN. /



## A Shot At Random

FOR A TIME, GENERAL FLAGG'S FORCE MADE STEADY ADVANCES. BUT ONE DAY THERE CAME NEWS THAT AT ONE POINT THE GAINS HAD SLOWED TO A HALT.

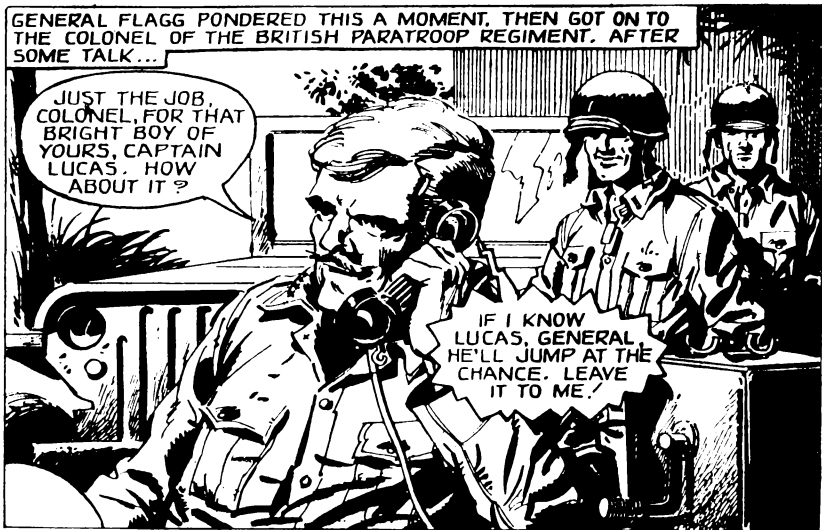
THE MEN ARE HELD UP AT A RIVER CROSSING, SIR, BY ENEMY TANKS. WE'VE TRIED ARTILLERY AND DIVE BOMBING, BUT WE CAN'T SEEM TO SHIFT THEM.



GENERAL FLAGG PONDERED THIS A MOMENT, THEN GOT ON TO THE COLONEL OF THE BRITISH PARATROOP REGIMENT. AFTER SOME TALK ...

JUST THE JOB, COLONEL, FOR THAT BRIGHT BOY OF YOURS, CAPTAIN LUCAS. HOW ABOUT IT ?

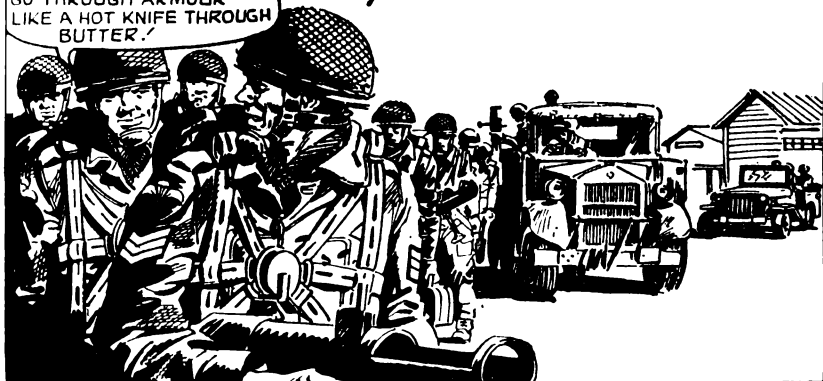
IF I KNOW LUCAS, GENERAL HE'LL JUMP AT THE CHANCE. LEAVE IT TO ME.



AS EXPECTED, LUCKY LUCAS AND HIS SKY DIVILS ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE AS ONE MAN. THE ISSUE TO EVERY FIFTH MAN OF A TANK-BUSTING WEAPON FIRED THEIR SPIRITS STILL MORE.

THESE PIATS ARE JUST THE THINGS TO WINKLE OUT THOSE JERRY TANKS.

"RIGHT, SARGE, IT'LL GO THROUGH ARMOUR LIKE A HOT KNIFE THROUGH BUTTER."



GENERAL FLAGG HIMSELF CAME TO SEE THEM OFF. HE WAS ALL SMILES FOR CAPTAIN LUCAS. BUT LIEUTENANT ABE LYMAN HAD NOTHING BUT HARD LOOKS FOR THE BRITISHER.

YOU'LL DO A GRAND JOB, LUCAS, I'M SURE. I SHALL BE FOLLOWING ON BY ROAD TO SEE THE RESULTS FOR MYSELF.



WE'LL SEE YOU THERE THEN, SIR.

COLONEL IRWIN SHUSTER PLAINLY DISAPPROVED OF HIS GENERAL'S INTENTION. BUT HE COULD DO NOTHING EXCEPT GIVE LIEUTENANT LYMAN A STERN WARNING...

YOU'RE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE GENERAL'S SAFETY, LYMAN. ON NO ACCOUNT ALLOW THE DRIVER TO GET TOO NEAR THE FIGHTING.



I UNDERSTAND, COLONEL. YOU CAN TRUST ME.

## A Shot At Random

LYMAN'S EARNEST REPLY WAS CAUGHT BY THE DUTCHMAN, FRANZ HESSEL. HE COULD NOT RESIST GIVING THE AMERICAN A DIG...



THE DROPPING ZONE WAS CLOSE TO WHERE THE RIVER RAN WIDE BUT SHALLOW. ON THE NORTH SIDE, THE CROSSING WAS DOMINATED BY ENEMY TANKS. TO THE SOUTH, THICK WOODLANDS LED DOWN TO THE BANKS...



## A Shot At Random

15

SOME SAID JACK LUCAS PRESSED HIS LUCK TOO HARD AND TOO OFTEN. NOW, TYPICALLY SCORNING THE STACCATO WELCOME THAT MET HIM, HE MADE AN INSTANT ATTACK ON THE ENEMY ARMOUR.



THE DASH FORWARD WAS SWEEPED MERCILESSLY BY CROSSFIRE, BUT ONCE MORE THE LUCK OF LUCKY LUCAS HELD. PILES OF STACKED TIMBER OFFERED VITAL COVER.



*A Shot At Random*

PICKING AN ENEMY TANK, LUCAS TOOK COOL AND DELIBERATE AIM...



SECONDS LATER...



THE PIAT BOMB BORED  
INTO THE STEEL PLATES  
AS IF THEY WERE PLYWOOD.



## A Shot At Random

11

TAKING THE CUE FROM THEIR LEADER, OTHER HANDLERS OF THIS TERRIFYING WEAPON BEGAN TO HAND OUT TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT. ONE BY ONE, THE GERMAN TANKS SHUDDERED TO THE IMPACT AND CAUGHT FIRE.



THEN LUCAS TOOK FRANZ HESSEL AND OTHERS DOWN TO THE RIVER'S EDGE. SOUNDS OF FIGHTING ON THE OTHER SIDE HAD HIM WORRIED...



I THOUGHT THE YANKS WERE HOLDING THAT OTHER SIDE.

WELL, THEY'VE GOT OPPOSITION OF SOME KIND, FROM THE SOUND OF IT.

SPLASHING ACROSS THROUGH THE SHALLOWS, LUCAS MEANT TO FIND OUT—AND HE SOON DID!



LOOK / OVER THERE / AMONG THOSE TREES!

JERRIES!

## A Shot At Random

A GRIM GAME OF HIDE AND SEEK WITH AN UNSEEN ENEMY BEGAN. PAUSING FOR A MOMENT, LUCAS LISTENED TO THE PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE...



A SUDDEN SIGHT OF GREY-CLAD FORMS BROUGHT INSTANT ACTION.



## Chapter 2. THE BLUNDER

MEANWHILE, GENERAL FLAGG WAS SPEEDING UP FROM THE SOUTH, IMPATIENT TO SEE THINGS FOR HIMSELF. WITH HIM WAS HIS BODYGUARD, LIEUTENANT LYMAN, AND TWO OTHER ESCORTS...



AND WHILE THE GENERAL'S CAR COVERED THE MILES, LUCAS AND HIS PARTY HAD TO FIGHT EVERY YARD INTO THE HOSTILE WOODS.



## A Shot At Random

THEN, SEVERAL OF THE ENEMY SUDDENLY APPEARED OVER THE RISING GROUND AHEAD...



A SAVAGE EXCHANGE OF FIRE ENSUED BUT THE PARATROOPS WERE COVERED FROM MORE THAN ONE SIDE...



NEXT SECOND, FRANZ HESSEL SLUMPED AT LUCAS'S FEET, BLOOD STREAMING FROM A HEAD WOUND.



## A Shot At Random

21

THERE WAS NO TIME FOR DISMAY, THE ENEMY WERE MOVING IN FAST. LUCKY LUCAS STOPPED THEIR RUSH WITH A LONG BURST FROM HIS TOMMY GUN...

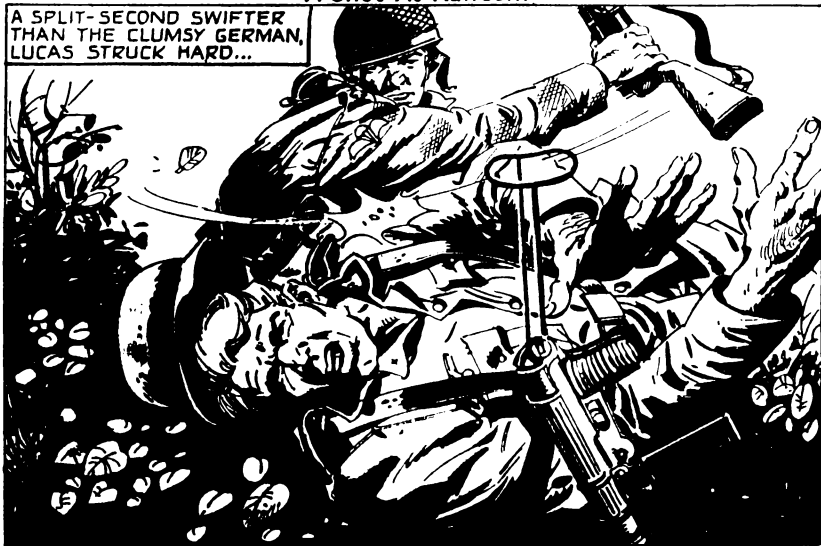


BUT ONE BIG GERMAN STILL CAME ON. IT WAS CLOSE QUARTER COMBAT, NO HOLDS BARRED...



## A Shot At Random

A SPLIT-SECOND SWIFTER  
THAN THE CLUMSY GERMAN,  
LUCAS STRUCK HARD...



FLINGING AWAY HIS OWN EMPTY GUN AND GRABBING UP THE  
GERMAN'S SCHMIESSE, LUCAS LIFTED THE SENSELESS FRANZ  
AND BEGAN A FIGHTING RETREAT...



BY THEN, GENERAL FLAGG'S JEEP WAS HALTING NEAR THE SAME BATTLE-WORN WOODS. INSTANTLY, THE FIRE-ATING GENERAL WAS ON HIS FEET...

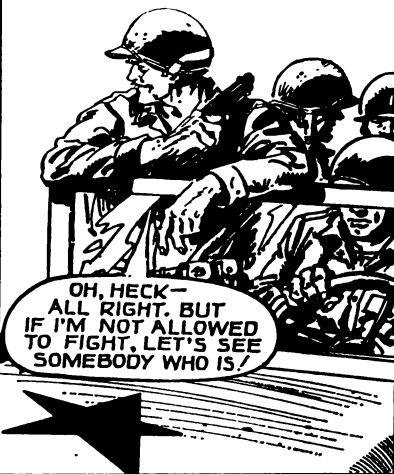
THERE'S FIGHTING / COME ON, LET'S GET IN THERE /

NO, SIR / YOU MUSTN'T TAKE THE RISK /



AFTER A MOMENT'S FUMING, THE GENERAL'S GOOD SENSE PREVAILED.

OH, HECK— ALL RIGHT. BUT IF I'M NOT ALLOWED TO FIGHT, LET'S SEE SOMEBODY WHO IS /



LUCKILY FOR THE GENERAL, HE HAD HIS GUN ALREADY DRAWN AS A PARTY OF GERMANS ROUNDED SOME BUSHES.

HANDS UP / YOU'RE MY PRISONERS /

KRAUTS /

ACH / DO NOT SHOOT /



# A Shot At Random

JUST FIFTY YARDS AWAY, CAPTAIN JACK LUCAS BROKE COVER. HALF-BLIND BY SWEAT, HE ONLY SAW THE HAZY AND HATED OUTLINES OF GERMAN SOLDIERS. UP CAME THE CAPTURED SCHMIESSER...



AS THE RASPING CHATTER OF THE SCHMIESSER DIED, LUCAS STARED IN SLOW-DAWNING HORROR. HIS BULLETS HAD CUT DOWN THE GERMANS—BUT...

GRIEF! THERE'S AMERICANS, TOO! GENERAL FLAGG! HE'S HIT AS WELL!



STRUCK BY THE SAME BURST FROM THE DISTANT BUSHES, GENERAL FLAGG LAY IN A POOL OF BLOOD. AGHAST, HIS ESCORT BENT OVER HIM...

HE'S CAUGHT IT IN THE CHEST!

JEEPERS! THIS IS TERRIBLE!





# A Shot At Random

HOW TO RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK, ABLE LYMAN SUDDENLY HAD A MENTAL FLASH-BACK-A REMEMBERED GLIMPSE OF THE MAN IN THE UNIFORMS...

I SAW THE GUY WHO DID IT! IT WAS A BRITISH PARATROOPER - I SWEAR IT WAS!

WE'LL GET THE RAT!

LEAVE IT TO US LOOTENANT!



LUCAS'S FIRST IMPULSE WAS TO STEP FORWARD AND ADMIT HIS AWFUL MISTAKE. BUT PRIDE, VANITY, ALL THE THINGS THAT GO TO A MAN'S SELF-ESTEEM, FORBID IT. INSTEAD, HE SOUGHT HIDING...

THEY MUSTN'T FIND ME! NOBODY MUST KNOW I DID IT!



## A Shot At Random

CROUCHING THERE WHILE HIS PURSUERS' BOOTS CRASHED BY, LUCAS TRIED TO QUELL A STRIDENT CONSCIENCE...



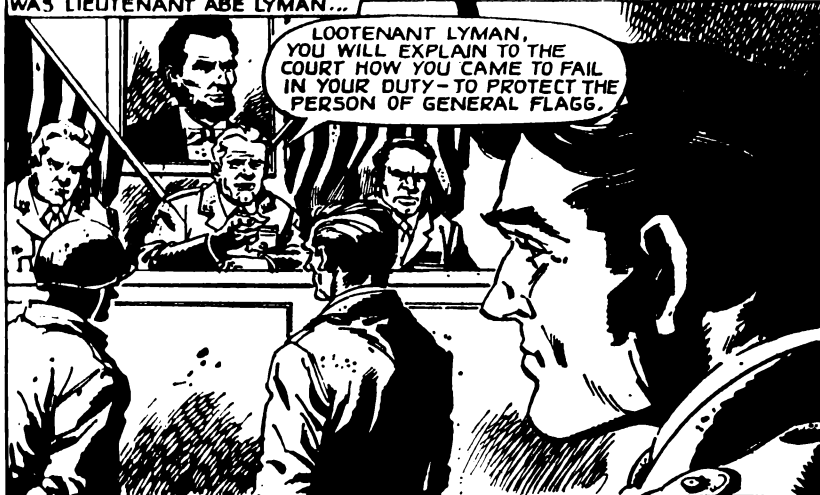
PRESENTLY, FREE FROM PURSUIT, LUCAS FELL PREY TO THE BLACKEST THOUGHTS...



MEANWHILE, FAILING TO TRACK DOWN HIS QUARRY, ABE LYMAN RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING...



BY A MIRACLE, GENERAL FLAGG SURVIVED. AND JACK LUCAS HAD TO ATTEND AN AMERICAN ARMY COURT OF INQUIRY. THE MAN IN TROUBLE WAS LIEUTENANT ABE LYMAN...



AS THE STERN PROCEEDINGS WENT ON AND EVIDENCE CAME TO LIGHT, LUCAS GOT MORE AND MORE WORRIED ...



# A Shot At Random

THEN LYMAN'S NEXT WORDS HAD LUCAS REALLY WORRIED...

I TOOK SAMPLES OF BLOOD, SIR. ANALYSED. THEY SHOW THE BLOOD BELONGS TO A VERY RARE GROUP. NOW IF WE COULD TAKE A BLOOD TEST OF EVERY BRITISHER IN THAT ACTION, WE'D SOON TRACK DOWN THE GUILTY MAN.



BLOOD? IT MUST BE FRANZ HESSEL'S!

LIEUTENANT LYMAN WAS BACKED BY HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, COLONEL SHUSTER - THE SUGGESTION WAS TURNED DOWN.



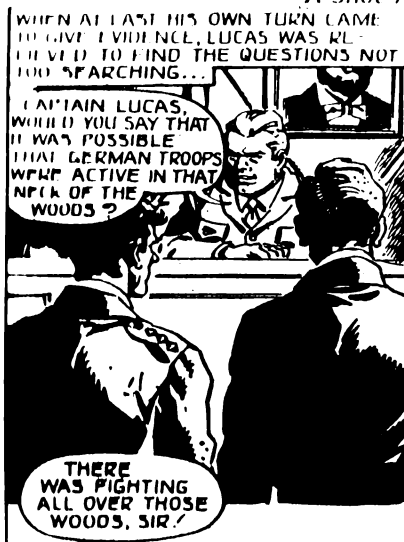
BUT WHY NOT? I THINK LYMAN'S SUGGESTION IS A GOOD ONE.

IT'S NOT PRACTICABLE, COLONEL SHUSTER. BESIDES, THE BULLETS BEING GERMAN ARGUE TOO STRONGLY AGAINST SUCH AN EXPLANATION.

WELL, I'M NOT SATISFIED.

# A Shot At Random

29



## Chapter 3. HAND OF FATE

TIME PASSED. NOTHING MORE WAS HEARD AND THE WEIGHT ON JACK LUCAS'S MIND BEGAN TO LIFT. THIS WAS HELPED BY A CHANGE OF SCENE, FOR HIS BATTALION WAS SENT BACK TO ENGLAND.



THE ALLIES HAVE NOW MADE GOOD GROUND IN NORMANDY. OUR JOB IS TO SEIZE AN AIRFIELD IN THE FORWARD AREA AND HOLD IT WHILE THE COUNTRY AROUND IS CONSOLIDATED. NOW FOR DETAILS

PROMOTED TO THE RANK OF MAJOR, JACK LUCAS WAS TO LEAD THIS VITAL ASSAULT. THOUGH HE DENIED IT TO HIMSELF, HE WAS STILL LUCKY LUCAS TO EVERYONE INCLUDING FRANZ HESSEL, WHO WAS FIT AGAIN...

SAY WHAT YOU LIKE, JACK, YOU'RE LUCKY FOR ME. YOU SAVED ME FROM THE JERRIES IN ITALY.



AND YOU GOT ME AWAY FROM HIMMLER'S THUGS IN HOLLAND, FRANZ, SO I GUESS WE'RE ABOUT QUILTS.

WINGING OVER THE SULLEN GREY WASTE OF THE CHANNEL, LUCAS LISTENED WITH QUIET PRIDE TO THE CHEERY TALK OF HIS MEN. THERE WERE QUESTIONS, OF COURSE...

WHAT HAPPENS, SIR, IF THE AREA AROUND THIS AIRFIELD ISN'T CLEARED OF JERRIES?



THEN WE'LL HAVE TO HANG ON TILL WE'RE REINFORCED BY SOMEBODY.

## A Shot At Random

31

AT FIRST, IT LOOKED AS IF ONLY A REARGUARD  
FIGHTING PARTY WAS HOLDING THE AIRFIELD.  
BUT THE RECEPTION WAS FIERCE.



WITH SWIFT, PRACTISED MOVEMENTS, THE PARATROOPERS  
TOUCHED DOWN, WRIGGLED FREE OF THEIR HARNESS AND  
RACED TO GIVE INSTANT BATTLE.

NO TROUBLE  
AT ALL!

SOON  
SHUFF OUT  
THIS LITTLE  
LOT!



## A Shot At Random

BUT A LARGER GERMAN FORCE, ENCAMPED IN NEARBY WOODS, SOON PUT A TOUGHER COMPLEXION ON THINGS...



BUT JACK LUCAS TOO WAS INTENT ON THE SAME THING—THE WIRELESS BUILDING.





THE PARATROOPERS REACHED THE  
DEFENSIVE FIRST AND DESPITE  
CONTINUING ATTACKS, THEY HELD ON...



BUT MORE ENEMY ATTACKS, EACH  
STRONGER THAN THE LAST, COMPELLED  
THE BRITISH LEADER TO SIGNAL FOR  
AID.



THE ONLY FORCE NEAR ENOUGH TO GIVE SWIFT AID TO THE HARD-  
PRESSED LUCAS WAS ONE HE KNEW ONLY TOO WELL FROM THE PAST—  
COLONEL SHUSTER'S AMERICAN RIFLES.



## A Shot At Random

WITH TYPICAL AMERICAN DASH, COLONEL SHUSTER'S COLUMN ARRIVED WITH COLOURS FLYING ...



TO THE DEFIANT CHATTER OF BRITISH BREN GUNS WAS ADDED THE SHARP BARK OF AMERICAN CARBINES.



HUSTLED AND HARRIED BY THESE FRESH TROOPS, THE GERMANS BEGAN TO FALL BACK. ALREADY MAULED BY THE STUBBORN BRITISH PARATROOPERS, THE FOE HAD LITTLE HEART TO STEM THIS NEW FLOOD OF STRENGTH.



NOT TILL THERE WAS A PAUSE IN THE FIGHTING DID THE LEADERS OF BOTH FORCES RECOGNISE EACH OTHER-AND THEN WITHOUT MUCH ENTHUSIASM.

SO IT'S YOU, LUCAS. / WE NEVER DID GET IT CLEAR HOW GENERAL FLAGG GOT SHOT, DID WE?



LIEUTENANT LYMAN CAME THRUSTING FORWARD, HIS STEELY GAZE SWINGING FROM LUCAS TO FRANZ HESSEL AND BACK AGAIN...

YEAH, WE'RE STILL WORRIED. / AND NOW WE'VE GOT YOU PARATROOPER GUYS AROUND AGAIN MAYBE WE CAN GET SUMP'N SORTED OUT.



## A Shot At Random

LATER, WATCHING THE AMERICANS SETTling IN, JACK LUCAS BECAME ONCE AGAIN THE VICTIM OF DARK FOREBODINGS...



WITH THE AIRFIELD CONSIDERED SAFE, THE EXPECTED TYPHOONS OF THE R.A.F. NOW ARRIVED TO MAKE IT THEIR BASE. THEIR COMMANDER, SQUADRON LEADER PRESCOTT, SMILED AT THE MIXED FORCE MEETING HIM.



FRESCOTT AND HIS TYPHOONS ARRIVED NONE TOO SOON. REPORTS OF AN ENEMY TANK BUILD-UP CALLED FOR INSTANT ACTION.

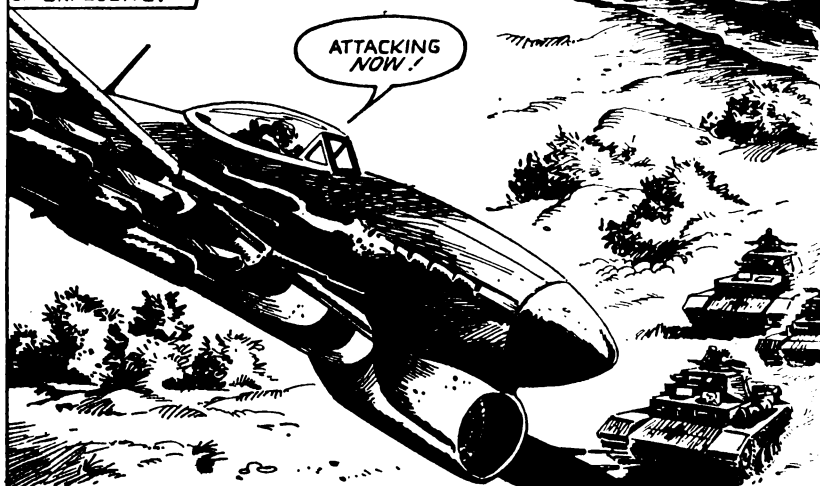


EAGER TO HEAR HOW THINGS WENT, JACK LUCAS AND OTHERS CROWDED INTO THE SIGNALS BUILDING. AFTER SOME WAITING THE CRACKLING ETHER SUDDENLY ERUPTED WITH THE EXCITED SHOUTS OF PILOTS...

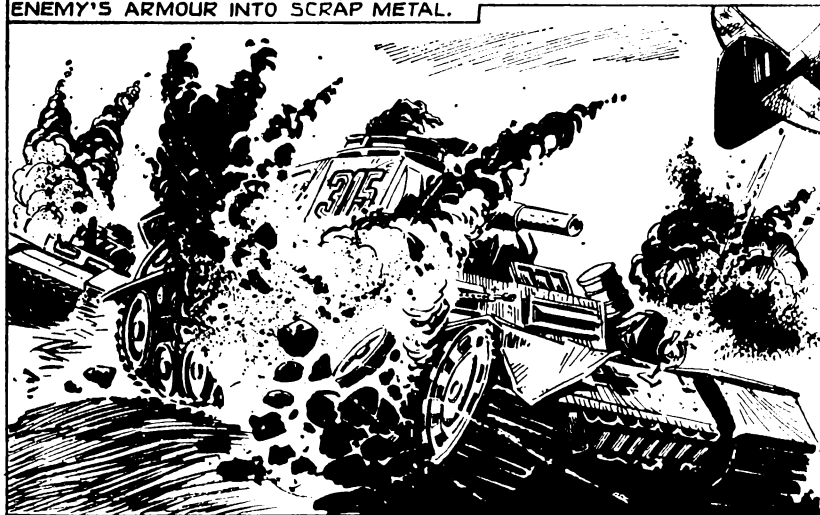


## A Shot At Random

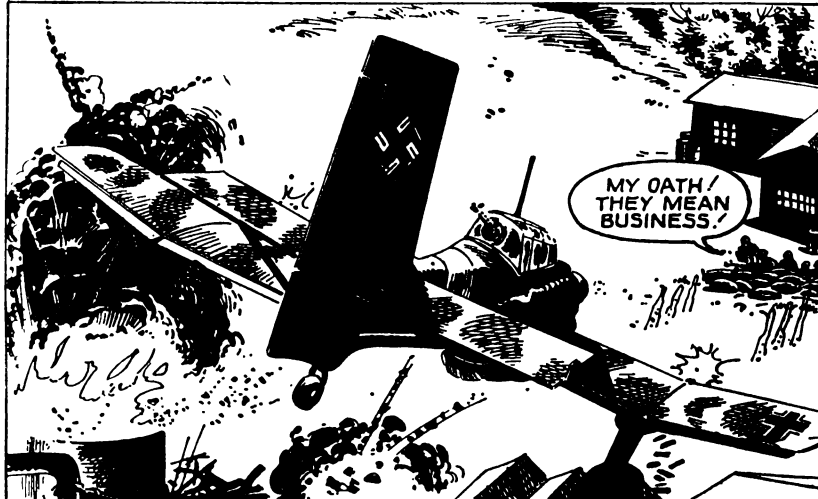
PRESCOTT SWUNG HIS TYPHOONS INTO LINE ASTERN. READY TO LEAP AT THE TOUCH OF A BUTTON WERE EIGHT ROCKETS EACH CONTAINING 60 LBS OF EXPLOSIVE.



IN TRIP-HAMMER SUCCESSION, VIOLENT EXPLOSIONS BATTERED THE ENEMY'S ARMOUR INTO SCRAP METAL.



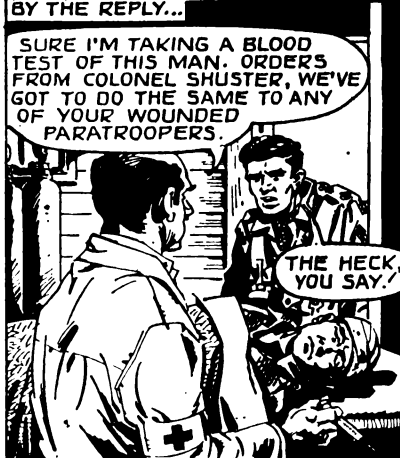
NEXT DAY, STUNG TO ACTION, THE ENEMY FELL UPON THE TYPHOONS' AIRFIELD IN A BOLD AND FEROCIOUS DIVE BOMBING ATTACK.



BUT THE TYPHOONS, THE OBJECT OF THE ATTACK, WERE ALREADY IN THE AIR AND IT WAS THE MEN ON THE GROUND WHO TOOK HARD PUNISHMENT.



AFTER THE ATTACK, JACK LUCAS WALKED AMONGST HIS WOUNDED MEN. QUESTIONING AN AMERICAN MEDICO, THE MAJOR WAS STARTLED BY THE REPLY...



## A Shot At Random

LUCAS'S HOT IMPULSE WAS TO GO TO COLONEL SHUSTER AND RAISE CAIN. BUT THE SAME OLD GUILT-SENSE MADE HIM HESITATE. TO OBJECT MIGHT BRING ATTENTION ON TO HIMSELF...



MOVING ALONG THE LINE OF CASUALTIES, LUCAS SUDDENLY SAW A FAMILIAR FACE, NOW DRAWN WITH PAIN.





LUCAS WAS ABOUT TO GIVE A GRIN OF RELIEF WHEN A HORRIFYING THOUGHT STRUCK HIM...



LUCAS GAVE NO ANSWER. INSTEAD, HE SET OUT IN A FURY TO SEE LIEUTENANT LYMAN.



## A Shot At Random

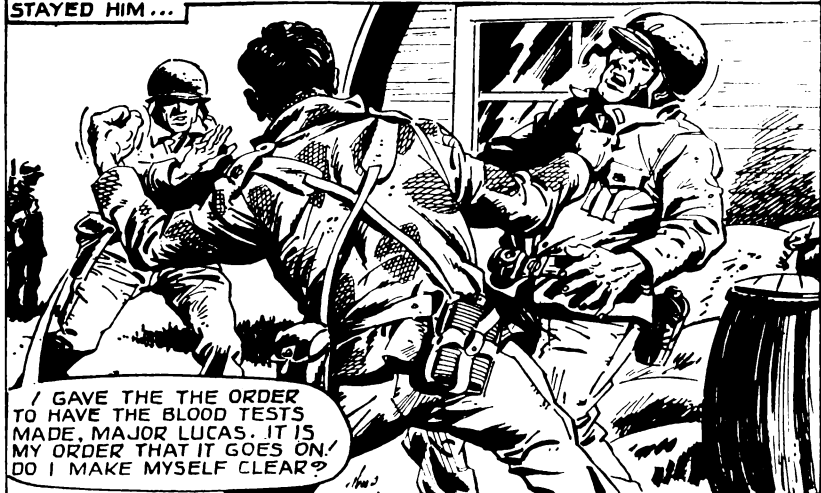
HE CAUGHT LYMAN OUTSIDE THE AMERICAN SUPPLY HUT...

LYMAN, YOU WILL STOP THESE BLOOD TESTS ON MY MEN—AND YOU WILL DESTROY ALL YOU'VE MADE SO FAR!

OH, YEAH? MAYBE YOU'RE TRYING TO COVER UP SUMP'N, HUH? MAYBE IT WAS ONE OF THOSE WOUNDED MEN OF YOURS WHO SHOT GENERAL FLAGG!



STUNG TO A FLAMING RAGE, LUCAS WOULD HAVE LAID SAVAGE HANDS ON THE ARROGANT AMERICAN BUT COLONEL SHUSTER'S SHARP VOICE STAYED HIM...



**Chapter 4. LUCK TO THE BRAVE**

JACK LUCAS SPENT A RESTLESS NIGHT. BY MORNING, THE SICK QUARTERS STAFF HAD TESTED ALL THE BLOOD TAKEN AND THE SENIOR MEDICAL OFFICER WENT TO COLONEL SHUSTER WITH HIS FINDINGS.

JUST ONE CASE, SIR, WHERE THE BLOOD GROUP—A RARE ONE—MATCHES THE BLOOD WHICH LOOTENANT LYMAN FOUND AT THE SCENE OF THE SHOOTING.

AND THE MAN'S NAME, WILCOX ?



HIS NAME IS HESSEL, SIR—FRANZ HESSEL.

THIS IS RUBBISH. IT DOESN'T PROVE A THING.

IT COULD DO IN COURT, MAJOR.



# A Shot At Random

JACK LUCAS LEFT ABRUPTLY AND NOT EVEN THE ROARING TAKE-OFF OF THE TYPHOONS, COULD ROUSE HIM FROM HIS BROODING...



BARELY HAD THE THUNDER OF THE TYPHOONS DIED IN THE DISTANCE WHEN ANOTHER SOUND, STRIDENT WITH ALARM, BLARED ACROSS THE AIRFIELD.



EVERY FIGHTING MAN ON THE CAMP, BRITISH AND AMERICAN, THREW ONE STARTLED LOOK AT THIS NEW THREAT AND SPRANG TO HIS GUN.



BUT NO HURRIED DEFENCE, HOWEVER RESOLUTE, WAS GOING TO STOP THAT RELENTLESS WAVE OF BLACK-CROSSED ARMOUR. COLONEL SHUSTER TURNED GRIMLY TO LIEUTENANT LYMAN.

TELL EVERYONE TO FALL BACK INTO THE WORKSHOPS. IT'S THE ONLY BUILDING THAT'S GOT ANY STRENGTH!

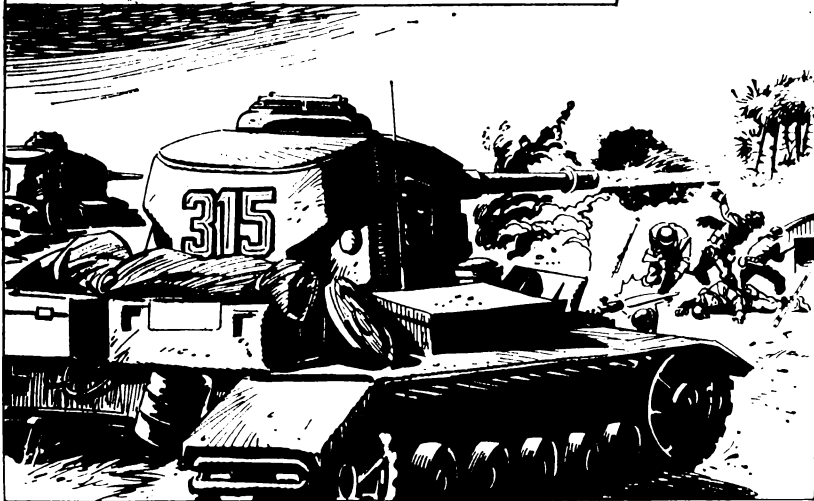


## A Shot At Random

THERE WAS A RUSH FOR THE WORKSHOPS, AND THOSE ALREADY INSIDE BEGAN TO ENGAGE THE ENEMY...



SOME, CAUGHT TOO FAR FROM THIS LAST BASTION OF DEFENCE, FELL TO THE MERCILESS MACHINE GUNS OF THE PANZERS...



LUMBERING, 36-TON MONSTERS CRASHED THROUGH BUILDINGS, OVERTURNED VEHICLES, SCATTERED VALUABLE EQUIPMENT, GRINDING IT INTO THE MUD ON THEIR COURSE OF DESTRUCTION.



## A Shot At Random

INSIDE THE CROWDED WORKSHOPS, HALF DEAFENED BY HIS OWN DEFENCE GUNS, COLONEL SHUSTER FLUNG THE USELESS TELEPHONE FROM HIM...



ABE LYMAN GRIMACED...

LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO SHOOT IT OUT, COLONEL - OR GO OUT WITH OUR HANDS UP!

THOSE JERRIES DON'T SEEM TO BE IN THE MOOD TO TAKE PRISONERS...



AT THAT MOMENT, A TANK SHELL EXPLODED BY A WINDOW, KILLING A BREN GUN TEAM OUTRIGHT.





HE RINGING BLAST SEEMED TO HURL  
SIDE THE SHOCK OF IMPENDING DEFEAT  
HAT HAD NUMBED JACK LUCAS'S MIND...

THE TYPHOONS! IF ONLY  
THEY COULD BE RECALLED—  
THEY'D POUND THESE JERRY  
TANKS INTO THE GROUND!

BUT HOW THE  
DEVIL CAN WE RECALL  
THEM, MAJOR—IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE!

LUCAS TURNED TO A WINDOW. THE WIRELESS BUILDING, OUTSIDE WHICH  
LAY THE DEAD SIGNALS CREW, WAS ONLY A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...

A HUNDRED  
YARDS OR MORE.  
WELL, *SOMEBODY'S*  
GOT TO TRY HIS  
LUCK!

## A Shot At Random

AT THE SOUND OF THE MAJOR'S LAST WORD, ABE LYMAN NUDGED HIS ELBOW...

AIN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE THE LUCKY ONE, MAJOR? LIKE THE WAY YOU WON THAT MEDAL?



LUCAS SWUNG AWAY. NOW THAT HE HAD MADE UP HIS MIND HE FELT NO FEAR.

TELL THE MEN TO SHOOT WITH EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT, COLONEL—TRY AND GET JERRY'S ATTENTION. I'M MAKING A DASH FOR IT!

YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, LUCAS.



HIS FEET THUDDING OVER GROUND CHURNED UP BY ENEMY BULLETS, LUCKY LUCAS RACED TOWARDS THE WIRELESS BUILDING. HE WAS SEEN ALMOST AT ONCE...

ACH! TRAVERSE RIGHT—GET THAT MAN!



WATCHING FROM THE WINDOW,  
COLONEL SHUSTER STOOD STIFF  
WITH TENSION...



TWICE LUCAS STUMBLED BUT  
SOMEHOW RECOVERED. HIS LUNGS  
GASPING FOR AIR, HE STAGGERED ON,  
UNTOUCHED STILL BY THE STORM OF  
SHOT THAT WHISTLED ABOUT HIM...



*A Shot At Random*

HE FLUNG HIMSELF HEADLONG THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR. THEN, HIS KNEES GIVING WAY, HE CRAWLED TO THE RADIO SET. WITH SWIMMING SENSES HE GROPED FOR THE SWITCHES...



FOR AGONISING MINUTES THOSE LEFT IN THE WORKSHOPS WATCHED IN HORROR AS THE ENEMY DIRECTED THEIR FIRE AT THE WIRELESS HUT...



ANOTHER SHELL SLAMMED INTO THE BUILDING, AND IN SECONDS, IT BECAME A FUNERAL PYRE. LUCAS APPEARED AT THE DOOR - HE TOOK A FEW LURCHING STEPS, AND PITCHED FORWARD ON HIS FACE...



THE COLONEL GROANED. HE PEERED OUT AT THE ENEMY TANKS WHICH HAD BEGUN TO CLOSE IN AGAIN.



I GUESS THIS IS CURTAINS THEN. THEY'RE MOVING IN TO FINISH US OFF...

THE STOUT WALLS OF THE WORKSHOP HAD BEGUN TO CRUMBLE BENEATH THE BOMBARDMENT WHEN SUDDENLY, OVER THE DISTANT TREES...



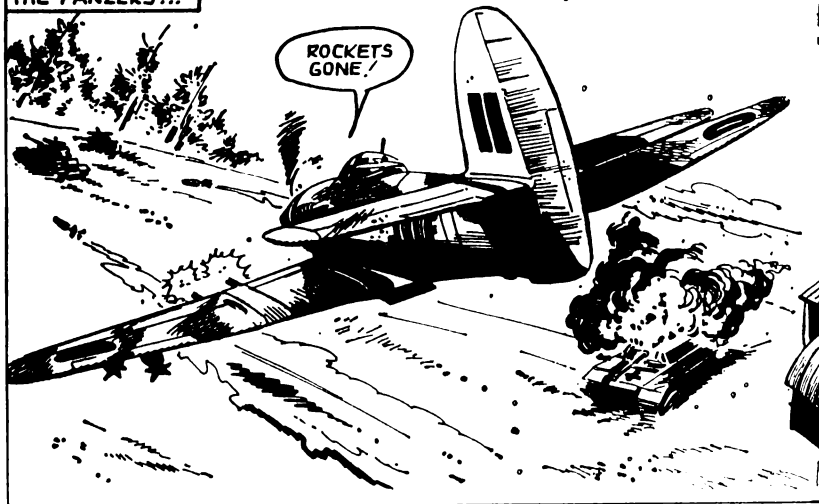
THEY'RE BACK! LUCAS MUST'VE REACHED THEM!

## A Shot At Random

IT WAS A DRAMATIC REVERSAL OF FORTUNE. VICTORY HAD BEEN SNATCHED FROM THE BRUTAL HANDS OF THE ENEMY—AND INSTEAD, VENGEANCE ROARED DOWN UPON THEM.



TOO LATE. STEEL-CRUSHING ROCKET MISSILES WERE STREAKING TOWARDS THE PANZERS...



THE TANKS HAD NO DEFENCE AGAINST THAT DEVASTATING ATTACK. THEIR MANOEUVRING WAS TOO SLOW AND CLUMSY TO AVOID THE LIGHTNING, POWER-PACKED ATTACKS.



## A Shot At Random

DAZED AND HURT THOUGH HE WAS, JACK LUCAS SAW IT ALL. A TIRED SMILE FLITTED ACROSS HIS FACE...



LATER, LYING IN HOSPITAL BESIDE HIS FRIEND, FRANZ HESSEL, LUCAS HAD A VISIT FROM A SMILING COLONEL SHUSTER. EVEN THE TOUGH ABE LYMAN HAD COME TO PAY HIS RESPECTS...



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## A Shot At Random

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THE ANSWERING GRIN ON JACK LUCAS'S FACE FADED. SUDDENLY HE FOUND HIMSELF BLURTING THE TRUTH ABOUT HIMSELF AND GENERAL FLAGG...



...I JUST SAW GERMAN SOLDIERS,  
NOBODY ELSE. I WAS HALF BLIND WITH  
SWEAT, WITH HESSEL HERE A DEADWEIGHT—  
AND— WELL, I JUST FIRED.

SOUNDS A MIGHTY NATURAL  
THING TO DO, MAJOR—AND I CAN  
APPRECIATE YOUR REASONS FOR  
KEEPING QUIET ABOUT IT.

THE COLONEL STUDIED THE WORRIED FACE ON THE PILLOWS FOR A MOMENT  
AND THEN SPOKE...



WELL, MAJOR, SEEING  
THAT GENERAL FLAGG IS BACK  
TO HEALTH—AND SEEING WHAT  
A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE WE  
AMERICANS OWE YOU, I GUESS WE  
CAN QUIETLY FORGET WHAT  
HAPPENED. THE SLATE'S  
BEEN WIPED CLEAN, HUH?

# A Shot At Random

WHEN THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND THE AMERICAN PAIR, FRANZ HESSEL TURNED TO HIS FRIEND WITH A LAUGH...



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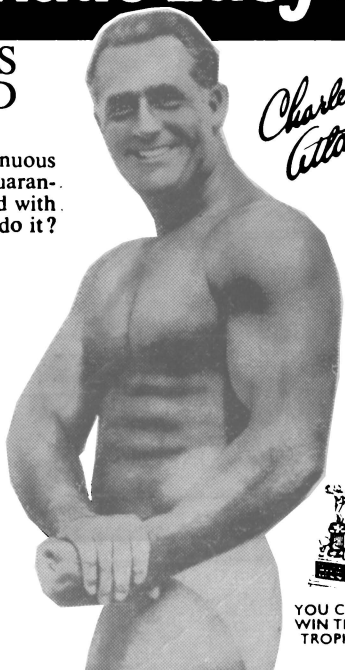
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